

SATURDAY EVENING POST

Entered according to act of Congress in the year 1873 by the SATURDAY POST PUBLISHING COMPANY, in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

1821.

THE GREAT FAMILY PAPER FOR HALF A CENTURY.

1873.

Vol. LIII. THE SATURDAY POST PUBLISHING COMPANY, No. 219 Walnut Street.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1873.

TERMS (\$4.00 a Year in Advance. Single Number, 6 Cents.)

No. 9.

AUTUMN RAIN.

BY GLEN CAROL.

Drearily falls the autumn rain,
The dead leaves float on the whirling blast
In an hour like this let me live again
In the memory of the past.

Above the autumn plash of the rain,
And louder far than the wild wind's wail,
I hear the voice of another year,
Horne back on memory's gale!

Has my childhood flown? Is it all a dream?
Are the days of my youth forever gone?
Have they left behind no cheering gleam
Of a summer that has flown?

They speak of a land that is far away,
Where earth's dull fretting is never known—
Where the summer of youth shall bloom for aye,
And the weary shall be no more alone.

A HIDDEN WRONG:

Too Trusting and Too Fair.

BY MRS. ELIZABETH MORRISON.

CHAPTER IV.

MRS. BLANCHARD'S GOOD FORTUNE.
Molly Danco's summary of Mr. Barton's character was not altogether incorrect. He had a passion for experimenting financially, which he had indulged as long as there remained any funds within his reach.

He had made an early marriage with a pretty, yielding, temperate girl, who brought him a considerable fortune for one in her station, and by placing the means of gratifying his taste for speculation within his reach, soon developed into a positive frenzy what had always been an undeveloped desire.

Annie Barton's nature was weakly submissive, and without a protest she saw her chimerical husband year after year convert all their valuable possessions into the means of indulging his pet passion, until nothing remained but a series of failures and the comfortable house they lived in.

The three children were born at that time. Lucy, the eldest, was nearly four; Allan, the boy, a year; and Eugene, the youngest, a mere infant.

"We have had wretched luck heretofore," he said to his wife a few months after the total loss of his last investment in silk-worms and mulberry-trees; "but I am convinced that I have now found a scheme whose success is certain. All that is needed is a small present sacrifice, and the future gain will amply repay everything. I have met a most worthy gentleman who has developed a motive power of the nature of a spring, sufficiently strong to move the heaviest vehicles on a properly prepared track. The system is our own, John, and rigidly inviolable; and I am able to pronounce it absolutely faultless; there is only one thing needed for its perfection, and that is money, my dear."

"Ah," sighed Mrs. Barton, sadly; "what a pity we have not the forty shares of railroad stock you said we were to receive! The flying machine, or the little farm you parted with when you became interested in the windmill system of draining marshes, or even the bank money that went into the lightning insurance company, or the—"

"Never mind those trifles, Annie," interrupted her husband, hastily; "they have nothing to do with the present question." Then after a moment's silence and thought, he added—"Here is our house, far too large and fine for a little family like ours; we can very well get on with a smaller and less expensive one, rented at a low rate, and save money by the change."

"Yes, but this is our own, John," insisted Mrs. Barton, venturing to make her first objection to his loving plans.

"What of that?" cried he, fully imbued with the fever of his latest delusion. "Does that excuse our blindly allowing a fortune to slip through our very fingers? See here, Annie," and he produced a long paper, covered with figures in effective columns, "do you just examine this exaggerated statement of results; everything is here placed at its lowest figure, and all possible allowance made for mistakes or accidents; yet just read the sum total of profits. Why, it's almost incalculable, and quite within my reach."

"If we sell the house," said his wife.

"Of course, if we sell the house and invest the sale price," added her husband.

Mrs. Barton then saw that it was as good as done, and made no further objection or demur, but got ready in her easy way to move into the much humbler abode Mr. Barton had already selected for their temporary occupancy.

It was one of a row of tenant-houses in a new neighborhood; and as soon as she was fairly settled, Mrs. Barton made the acquaintance of a pretty young widow, her next-door neighbor, who worked at plain sewing and rented rooms.

Mrs. Vail, as she was called, was very kind and friendly with the new-comers, and took considerable pains to cultivate their friendship, telling them, in explanation of her lonely condition, that she had been an orphan when her husband met her, and that all his relations lived in England.

"I had rather work for myself here than go and be a burden on strangers in another country," she said, and Mrs. Barton, who was rather a spiritless, weak sort



MARIAN READING LUCY'S LETTER.

"MY DARLING SISTER—PITY AND FORGIVE ME IF YOU CAN—BUT ABOVE ALL THINGS KEEP MY MISERABLE SECRET. I MEANT TO HIDE MY WRETCHED STORY IN THE KEEPING OF DEATH; BUT FATE SEEMS TO WILL ME TO LIVE. DO NOT THINK ME WICKED. COME, DARLING SISTER, DON'T DESERT ME, I ENTREAT YOU, DEAREST MARIAN."

of woman herself, much applauded her independence and strength of character.

Although naturally quick and cheerful, Mrs. Vail appeared at times subject to fits of extreme despondency, and Mrs. Barton believed her husband's loss to be a grief too deep even for the soothing hand of time to heal.

About a year after the Barton family had settled down to hopeless poverty, the motive spring business proving to be of the same swallowing propensities as its predecessors, and thus engulphed the last of the family possessions without hope of return, Mrs. Vail appeared one day at her window with a handsome boy of about three years old on her knee.

Mrs. Barton observing the pretty addition to the juvenile life of the neighborhood, was told that it was her neighbor's boy, Eugene by name, who had been among her friends for the past year or two.

"At first I was too poor to take charge of my darling," said his mother, fondling him tenderly; "but, thank Heaven, we are together now, and we'll never part any more."

"But I didn't even know that you had a son," said Mrs. Barton, who found it impossible to recover from her astonishment so easily.

"I did not enjoy talking of my child so long as we were forced to remain asunder," Mrs. Vail replied, and then she pressed the little fellow to her heart in a rapture of united love.

The appearance of little Eugene in her abode seemed the promise of prosperity to the little widow, who soon furnished her hitherto empty parlor, and changed her business from letting lodgings to keeping a few boarders in a very nice and comfortable way.

The first of these was a Mr. Blanchard, a bright young man in the commercial line; and even before the Bartons were forced to change their quarters for smaller and cheaper ones, owing to the inveterate speculations of the unfortunate head of the family, Mrs. Barton's observant eye had seen in the good-looking young boarder a future husband for pretty young Vail and father for little Eugene.

For years the unfortunate family sustained a sharp struggle for existence, and the one strong quality of its yielding mother was brought into constant and fullest requisition, namely, her power to do without clothes and subsist on little food.

This gift she was able to transmit to her youngest child, with the added value of strong energy and self-sustaining hopefulness, and as soon as Marian was old enough to assume a modest share in the family rule, its interests began steadily to improve.

Mr. John Barton's restless spirit wore away his bodily health, and constant disappointment at last told severely on his physical frame. He was a broken man, too weak to acquit himself of the duties of a first-class clerk, and only held in his old place through the benevolence of the firm that had employed him for years, and constantly remonstrated against his foolish present inactivity.

He no longer speculated, being totally without the means to do so, but contented himself with castle-building concerning the future of his three children, and laying plans for their great advancement in after life that generally interfered with their present usefulness.

Marian had, even as a child, set herself against this species of dreaming; the reality around her was sufficient for her action and comprehension, and she refused to be led by a wandering fancy, the weakness and failure of which she saw in their own hard fortune.

On this account, Mr. Barton regarded her as the least promising of his children, and neglected to embellish her future, while he provided for Allan by declaring him to be made for an eminent scholar, and prophesied a remarkable career of business success for Lucy.

It was little more than a year previous to the opening of this story, that Mrs. Barton, by an odd chance, encountered and recognized her old neighbor, now Mrs. Blanchard, who over since that date had been a constant visitor at the house of her humble friends, though fortune having favored the former widow in a most extraordinary manner—her own splendid style of living was far beyond their power to blend with or return her visits in a proper manner.

Indeed Mrs. Blanchard showed no signs of desiring their presence in her magnificent house on Lexington Terrace—and had from the first frowned on Eugene's attempts to renew his childish intimacy with Annie Barton.

"I cannot see what pleasure she takes in coming here and overlooking all we do and say," Marian said to her mother one day about a week before her sister Lucy's intended departure for New York.

"She's an old neighbor, dear," said Mrs. Barton, uneasily. "I'm sure it's quite condescending in her to notice poor, plain people like us."

"What does she do it for?" asked Marian, looking straight into her mother's eyes; "I remember you said she did not seem very much pleased when you met her and recognized her, but for the first moment or two appeared as if she had rather get away."

Mrs. Barton flushed with annoyance. "What a silly fancy it must have been," she said; "I'm sure she is both kind and friendly—and I feel quite as neighborly as when I first met, years ago."

"Mother," asked Marian, with earnest meaning, "will you tell me why she talks so wickedly and cruelly of Mr. Eugene?"

"I'm afraid he is idle and unsteady; it must be a great disappointment to have him so," Mrs. Barton returned, without looking up. She seemed to know that her daughter's eye was resting on her and her face flushed as she bent more closely over her work.

Marian did not speak, but still kept her troubled gaze fixed on her mother's face. "Now that Mrs. Blanchard has a beautiful young daughter, it makes it more painful than ever for her to have a reckless son," continued Mrs. Barton, talking very fast, and not raising her eyes. "I'm sure it is none of my business—the boy was good enough as a child, and used to play with Allan and Lucy by the hour. I have nothing to say against him—but his mother ought to know, I'm sure—and if she says he worries her and makes her wretched, we have no right to contradict her or call him an angel, you know, Marian."

Mrs. Barton looked up at the close of these remarks, and her daughter's steady glance met her again and made her face redder than ever. There was but one thing for her to do to hide her embarrassment, so she immediately became angry.

"I'm sure I don't know what you mean, Marian," she said, sharply; "Mrs. Blanchard has great wealth and influence, and what use could there be in our quarreling with her to our own injury? For my part, I wish I'd never heard of the young man."

"I'll tell you why, mother," said her daughter, slowly; "it is because you know him to be injured and wronged by his evil-minded woman; it's because your

own heart tells you she's not his mother, and that there is a wicked design against him, lurking in every word she utters. What else does she strive to influence you for, if it is not to keep you quiet about the past? You know too much, that's why she pretends to be your friend, just to keep your mouth closed."

"Why, my child, what on earth are you talking about?" exclaimed her mother, scarlet and white by turns, and looking on all sides to be sure that there was no auditor but themselves present.

Marian rose, and dropping her work, came and laid her arm round her mother's shoulder—

"Don't lend yourself to her plottings, mother," she entreated, "let her go her own way, but let us keep our hands free from the taint of her wealth as a bribe."

She bent her head down and kissed her mother's forehead. Mrs. Barton remained speechless from conflicting emotion, and after another moment Marian looked up again.

"We'll never speak of this again; there will be no need to do so, mother."

One week from that evening, Mrs. Blanchard had laid the seal of silence on Marian's own lips, as the price of her sister's secret.

CHAPTER V.

CLUES TO LUCY'S MYSTERY.

When Mrs. Blanchard's carriage rolled out of sight, Marian's troubled brain began to aid her trembling feet.

"I must go home at once and try to hide all signs of distress from them," she thought. "Whatever befalls, I must spare them all I can; father's health is breaking sadly; poor mother has known care and worry enough already; and Allan could not help me, so why should I cloud his young life?"

She thrust the paper the ragged boy had given her, deep in the folds of her dress, and tried to smooth her face and assume her natural manner as she re-entered the house.

Her effort was not quite successful—the shock her feelings had received had leached the color from her face beyond her power to recall it, and the unshed tears gathering heavily, weighed her eyelids down in a hopeless, drooping way.

But Mrs. Barton had her own reasons for expecting a painful result in the interview between her old neighbor and her daughter. She gave Marian one anxious look as she came back, and whispered, as she took her seat beside her at the work-table:

"I hope you were not too hasty with Mrs. Blanchard, Marian, dear; remember she's a rich lady, and has a right to send her own son away if she thinks it is for the best."

Marian nodded, glad to be questioned no further, and resumed her work diligently.

Presently Mr. Barton came in, and according to custom, became immediately absorbed in his son's account of his day's studies; and so the evening wore on, and poor Marian counted the lagging moments until she could steal away, unnoticed, and commune with her trouble alone.

Just as she rose, folding up the last of the gay flowers, and prepared to retire, her father started her by saying—

"We will hear from Lucy, to-morrow, she will write a few lines to let us know how she likes the city, and give us a hint or two about the business. Lucy's sure to do well; she has just the talent needed for the work before her. Yes, yes, Lucy's a girl that will never disappoint my hopes—I'm sure of that."

Marian's pallor was so great, as she listened to her father's words and thought of the reality of the case, that even her mother noticed it.

"Of course your father values you, too, in your own quiet way," she said, eagerly, imagining that her change of countenance arose from jealous feeling. "But he has a great pride in Lucy, for he knows she's sure to help us all when his working days are over."

Marian thrust her hand in her bosom to see that the letter which would prove such a bitter satire on her parents' castle-building were still hidden, and muttering some half-audible words of agreement with her sister's praise, hurried up stairs to the room they used to occupy together, and, closing the door behind her, locked herself in.

It was a small chamber, scantily furnished, but very tidy and even tasteful in its few articles of cheap embellishment. There were pictures on the wall, chiefly engravings from magazines, set in frames of home manufacture, and cushions and tidies of neat device and skilful attention.

Besides the bedstead, the chief article of furniture the room held was a large, old-fashioned set of drawers, ornamented with a prettily wrought cover, and it was on the carpet, beside this piece of furniture, that Marian dropped in a sitting posture as soon as she felt herself to be alone.

Placing the lamp on a chair at her side, she took out the crumpled paper hidden in her dress, and, smoothing it out, read it over and over again.

It ran thus:

"MY DARLING SISTER—PITY AND FORGIVE ME IF YOU CAN, BUT ABOVE ALL THINGS KEEP MY MISERABLE SECRET. I WRITE TO YOU, BECAUSE MY HEART FEELS AS IF IT MUST TELL IT IF I CANNOT BREAK THIS SILENCE THAT HAS ALREADY WEIGHED AND CRUSHED IT ALMOST TO THE GRAVE. I MEANT TO DECEIVE YOU ALL. I MEANT TO HIDE MY MISERABLE STORY IN THE KEEPING OF DEATH, BUT FATE SEEMS TO WILL ME TO LIVE, THOUGH HEAVEN APPEARS TO HAVE FORSAKEN ME. YESTERDAY I WAS STRONG IN MY RESOLUTION TO DIE—TO-DAY I AM BROKEN AND WEAK."

Here a pause seemed to have occurred in the writing; it was taken up a line or two below in an irregular hand, almost illegible from suffering or excitement, and broke off after a few scrawling sentences—

"I am very ill. You must come to me. I cannot die without seeing you again. Do not think me wicked; it was very wrong to be secret, but then I never thought of this trouble. Come, darling sister, don't desert me, I entreat you, dearest Marian."

Beneath this again were the words "Come to-morrow, as you go to work," and the direction in another and most untutored hand ran in great letters and figures completely over the back of the paper, seemingly in the half-printed, half-written chirography of a small child.

For a time Marian bowed her head on her knees, and wept as if her very heart would burst.

She did not sit in judgment on her sister, nor condemn the deception that had ended so painfully; she did not even speculate as to the nature of the trouble that had befallen her, and thrown its dreary shadow over all their lives. Her only feeling was one of sorrow—deep, unutterable sorrow—that her beautiful sister had fallen into this mysterious snare, beside which the struggles and hardships of poverty seemed pleasant and joyous experiences.

"Poor Lucy, dear Lucy!" she moaned, beneath her breath, and an almost irresistible desire to brave everything and go to her at once consumed her. But even in the midst of her suffering the necessity for keeping her sister's secret stifled her sobs and made her wailing inaudible.

"Whatever blight has fallen upon my poor sister, I must help her to bear it, and no one else must know of it," she thought.

Two of the chest drawers had been Lucy's. Marian now recalled the nervous haste with which she had tossed their contents into her trunk the night before their parting, and she opened them and looked over their shreds of bobbin-stead scraps of lace and ribbon thrown aside as not worth being packed with the necessities of her sister. A folded paper lay wedged down in the seam at the back. She drew it out, and saw it was a short letter, written in a man's hand.

Its date was the middle of the month of May previous, and though written hastily, it was beautifully done and carefully worded.

"How can I leave you, my darling," it said; "duty, nay necessity itself, can scarcely give me strength to tear myself from you. Yet I dare not delay; the call is imperative, and I have no choice but to obey it. When I left you this morning, I expected, as you know, to return by the evening train; now all is altered, and you must come to the city alone, leaving our lovely Paradise, and keeping our secret for a short time longer. You cannot think how bitterly I chafe at my unhappy fate that binds me a slave to the tyrant circumstance; but I feel sure that you will bear my lot with me, and endure a little of what I am forced to bear in full."

"Your board is settled for up till to-morrow evening, at which time you will reach town, and resume your place at home unquestioned. It will be very easy to remain silent, and that is all you have to do to be untraced. The time that separates us will soon fly by, and when we meet the joy of union will repay us for this forced absence. Ever your own, "VALERIE."

Marian read the epistle and laid it down without ever once thinking that she had broken in upon her sister's confidence. The desire to help and save her was too strong to admit of any question of etiquette.

"Who is this man?" she asked herself, a strong repugnance rising within her at the thought of him.

Then she remembered once coming upon her sister, nearly two years before, just as she was passing from a tall, dark gentleman in Lexington Park.

When she questioned Lucy as to who he was, she had answered very hastily that it was nothing more than a civil answer to a stranger who had asked directions of you, she supposed, and then quickly changed the subject.

After that, she remembered that Lucy never asked her to come and meet her at the milliner's, where Miss Fontenay's working hours were much shorter than Madame's, but, on the contrary, discouraged any offer of the kind, by saying she never knew just when she would get through, and it would be very foolish to keep her waiting in the Park where they used to meet.

The date of the letter brought back another fact that pained her heart like a cruel stab, for it was a new proof that Lucy had long been deceiving them all.

Either, however, an old companion of theirs, had married a young farmer, and gone to live near Westgate Hill. Last spring Lucy said she would like to take a week's holiday, and go and see Father; and even at the time Marian wondered that she should choose to take her pleasuring abroad, but feeling that her sister needed recreation more than she did herself, the selfish Marian gladly helped her to get ready, and rejoiced in the opportunity of her gaining so much enjoyment.

Lucy's manner on her return had disappointed her sadly; she had expected to find her gay and blooming, with plenty to tell about Father and her home, but, on the contrary, Lucy looked pale and nervous, and was unusually taciturn and unsatisfactory on the subject of her visit, really appearing to avoid the mention of everything connected with her old friend, and their pleasant times together at Westgate Hill.

If the busy season at Miss Fontenay's, beginning immediately after her sister's return, had not kept Marian so hard at work as scarcely to leave her time for thought, she would have wondered still more over this strange reticence, that was now so painfully explained to her.

Thus then was why she had come back pale and silent, and had ever since been unlike her former cheerful self. Day after day she had grown more nervous and weak, until the business of life seemed to become a burden, and the proposed change to New York had been hailed by her mother as sure to do her health good, while her father saw in it a means of certain and swift prosperity.

Where this plan had originated Marian could not tell; but since the fearful disclosure made by the two letters, she believed it to have been Lucy's own invention to which she had been driven by despair and shame, she did herself, the unselfish Marian, gladly helped her to get ready, and rejoiced in the opportunity of her gaining so much enjoyment.

Lucy's manner on her return had disappointed her sadly; she had expected to find her gay and blooming, with plenty to tell about Father and her home, but, on the contrary, Lucy looked pale and nervous, and was unusually taciturn and unsatisfactory on the subject of her visit, really appearing to avoid the mention of everything connected with her old friend, and their pleasant times together at Westgate Hill.

If the busy season at Miss Fontenay's, beginning immediately after her sister's return, had not kept Marian so hard at work as scarcely to leave her time for thought, she would have wondered still more over this strange reticence, that was now so painfully explained to her.

Thus then was why she had come back pale and silent, and had ever since been unlike her former cheerful self. Day after day she had grown more nervous and weak, until the business of life seemed to become a burden, and the proposed change to New York had been hailed by her mother as sure to do her health good, while her father saw in it a means of certain and swift prosperity.

Where this plan had originated Marian could not tell; but since the fearful disclosure made by the two letters, she believed it to have been Lucy's own invention to which she had been driven by despair and shame, she did herself, the unselfish Marian, gladly helped her to get ready, and rejoiced in the opportunity of her gaining so much enjoyment.

Lucy's manner on her return had disappointed her sadly; she had expected to find her gay and blooming, with plenty to tell about Father and her home, but, on the contrary, Lucy looked pale and nervous, and was unusually taciturn and unsatisfactory on the subject of her visit, really appearing to avoid the mention of everything connected with her old friend, and their pleasant times together at Westgate Hill.

If the busy season at Miss Fontenay's, beginning immediately after her sister's return, had not kept Marian so hard at work as scarcely to leave her time for thought, she would have wondered still more over this strange reticence, that was now so painfully explained to her.

Thus then was why she had come back pale and silent, and had ever since been unlike her former cheerful self. Day after day she had grown more nervous and weak, until the business of life seemed to become a burden, and the proposed change to New York had been hailed by her mother as sure to do her health good, while her father saw in it a means of certain and swift prosperity.

Where this plan had originated Marian could not tell; but since the fearful disclosure made by the two letters, she believed it to have been Lucy's own invention to which she had been driven by despair and shame, she did herself, the unselfish Marian, gladly helped her to get ready, and rejoiced in the opportunity of her gaining so much enjoyment.

Lucy's manner on her return had disappointed her sadly; she had expected to find her gay and blooming, with plenty to tell about Father and her home, but, on the contrary, Lucy looked pale and nervous, and was unusually taciturn and unsatisfactory on the subject of her visit, really appearing to avoid the mention of everything connected with her old friend, and their pleasant times together at Westgate Hill.

If the busy season at Miss Fontenay's, beginning immediately after her sister's return, had not kept Marian so hard at work as scarcely to leave her time for thought, she would have wondered still more over this strange reticence, that was now so painfully explained to her.

Thus then was why she had come back pale and silent, and had ever since been unlike her former cheerful self. Day after day she had grown more nervous and weak, until the business of life seemed to become a burden, and the proposed change to New York had been hailed by her mother as sure to do her health good, while her father saw in it a means of certain and swift prosperity.

THE MYSTERY OF TRENDLEDEEP MANOR.

BY PERCY R. ST. JOHN.

CHAPTER LVII.

CAPTAIN WALTER ARDRELL'S ROMANCE.

"It may be those lawless fellows, target shooting by lamplight."

"Hardly," she said, with a sarcastic intonation. "They don't practice target firing in valleys, do they?"

"No," he replied.

"Is it at the settlement which we passed far back? How clear the air must be, for us to hear it."

"It is a place to the westward of that, and nearer."

"What then?"

"Troops, doubtless, encountering some fugitive or somewhat war-party; and I suppose that we try our best shot."

The momentarily halting party struck into a rushing gallop. It took but a short time to pass over another three miles, and then it was Griff who drew rein.

He had heard the rattle of musketry on another quarter, away in front of them; and almost simultaneously the bugles at the fort blew—bust and saddle.

"The firing in the rear," said the clear tones of Mrs. Pittman, "is drawing nearer."

"What then?"

"Troops, doubtless, encountering some fugitive or somewhat war-party; and I suppose that we try our best shot."

The momentarily halting party struck into a rushing gallop. It took but a short time to pass over another three miles, and then it was Griff who drew rein.

He had heard the rattle of musketry on another quarter, away in front of them; and almost simultaneously the bugles at the fort blew—bust and saddle.

"The firing in the rear," said the clear tones of Mrs. Pittman, "is drawing nearer."

"What then?"

"Troops, doubtless, encountering some fugitive or somewhat war-party; and I suppose that we try our best shot."

"Advance? or retreat?"

"By all means advance. We may be able to get within the stockade before they come up."

The solemn, mellow voice of the bugle still urged and aroused the soldiers, and the first tumultuous roll and rattle of the drums was distinctly audible.

"Every soldier and orderly is in the saddle by this time," aspirated young Hume.

"Don't hold back for us, Mr. Griff," exclaimed Major Pittman's wife, in her bellicose tone, "we are as well mounted as you—try us."

"If I lead you straight through a galling fire, do not falter. To linger is death. They are Indians and ruffians together—the savages alone never come on in that steady style."

"Lead, and we follow!" was the clear response.

Straight forward now without a falter or pause. The martial spirit of the cavalry horse ridden by Griff snuffed the battle from afar, and needed no spur. No doubt, if the noble creature could have spoken, he would have declared the remembrance that day; as he could not speak, he allowed his actions to express his feelings.

Nearer and nearer. The sharp rattle of musketry struck like a hammer upon the vibrating brains of the flying party.

Evidently a detachment of the infantry broken in two and patrolling to the south and to the west of the fort, had stumbled upon an ambuscade. Gradually they were being driven in.

"They have got between us and the stockade," shouted Griff, above the rattle and crash and roar of the four die charges, "close up each side of me—bend to your horses' necks, and cling to your seats."

He dropped his own bridle, seized a rein of the animals on each side, and driving his spurs into his steed with a wild, hoarse yell, sprang among and through the combatants.

It was a reckless and daring exploit that would succeed once in a hundred times, in ninety-nine would insure disaster and death.

They went like a shuttle through a cross-fire of friends and foes, and had well nigh lost their lives from the musketry of the sentinels at the fortification, who in the darkness and excitement only recognized the voice of a woman, Mrs. Pittman herself, selling out the watch-word in time to self a bayonet thrust into the breast of the gallant young hero.

Not an instant was spent in congratulations—but Griff wheeled his horse to dash into the fray.

He spoke with General Cusumdy.

"We are in a fearful strait," explained that gallant but disabled veteran. "Thirty of our best men are away with Major Pittman and Captain Clancy, to meet and escort in their wives."

"Why, God of Heaven! I have just brought the ladies in. Where have we missed them?"

"Doubtless they took the western trail, while you came by the east."

"And they are being driven in at this very moment."

"We are in the greatest peril; if the border demons get between our men and the fort, you can guess the end."

"Quick—your plans. I must join the soldiers—every man a hero."

"To keep them from cutting our troops off. A courier at sunset brought word that a large party of Sioux and bushwhackers were making in toward the station. They must have known of our reduced strength by some treachery in our midst. We have heard the life of a boy—young McDuffy—to send to K—after the regulars. If he lives to reach that place, he will doubtless find them absent on some embassy. Hah! what a volley!"

These hurried explanations were all that Griff passed to hear. The risk and roar, the shouts and hoarse yells were close up to the stockade. It was too steady and straightforward a battle to allow one to suppose that any great amount of Indian element was intermixed in the strife.

No; the majority of the assailants were those who were renegades and convicts—outlaws of every grade.

The women in the fort, blanched and trembling with fear, listened to the fiendish shouts, but a few hundred yards outside on the plains; and to add to the ghastly havoc, the wailing moon solemnly shone above the distant horizon, and showed the snouts of smoke and the close and orderly retreat of the handful of troops toward the garrison. Shrieking, wounded and ungovernable horses now and then burst from the enveloping pall, and dashed, too often riderless, away.

Major Pittman could be distinctly heard trying his men to "close up, steady—fire," and then his wife from a loophole, sweeping beyond the smoke with a night-glass, discovered grim, spectral, advancing figures farther out to the northward, and thought with chilling agony—

"Savage reinforcements, and we are lost."

(To be continued in our next. Continued in No. 5.)

Griff the bodies of Mrs. Everett and Mrs. Castable (actors) who mysteriously disappeared in June last—when they went to visit the horse show at the Alexandra Park, near London—were found on August 21-4 in the ruins of the Alexandra Palace. No clue has been discovered as to how the deceased found their way into the building. The general belief is that they wandered unnoticed into the ruins and were buried under some portion of the masonry which suddenly gave way. The bodies were much decomposed. Their watches and chains were found on them.

The one absorbing thought of John Haldane's life was his daughter, Rich, accomplished, still young, though past the early bloom of girlhood, which is so beautiful in its essence, she was what would be called a magnificent woman, while her intellect was of a very superior order.

This enabled her to assume a calm serenity, which never allowed the volcanic fire below to be even suspected.

She had mistaken the open confidence, the cheerful, unreserved conversation of Walter, his womanly tenderness, the satisfaction with which he sought her society, for much warmer feelings—a very natural mistake, into which many of the weaker sex fall—never, however, after once seeing the expression of real and passionate love in a man's face.

John Haldane and his daughter occupied a very stately though old-fashioned suite of rooms in a celebrated posting-house, which, in its days of glory, had been the resort of the chief gentry of the neighborhood, and where now were held those subscription balls which were necessitated by such events as the race week, volunteer meetings, and the like.

He had his reasons for being near the residence of Hubert Treborne Mordant. He travelled in quite a princely style. Like many other upon whom riches have fallen rather unexpectedly, he was a peculiarly fond of magnificence. His notions of servants were large, and their liveries splendid, without being gaudy or vulgar.

He found Eleanor seated near a bay-window, reading, while a kind of companion, a lady of nearly her own age, who had been one of her governesses, worked at no great distance, ready to enter into conversation if the other felt inclined.

With a readiness which arose from habit, she rose and went out as the father entered.

"Well," said Eleanor, with a smile, "and where have you been playing the truant so long?"

"Ever engaged on business," he answered, gaily, "but I suppose an end will come soon, though, truly, I believe there is no real rest save in the grave."

"Captain Walter Arndell!" said a voice, as the door flew open.

Father and daughter sprang to their feet—the first overwhelmed with surprise mingled with pleasure, while Eleanor, to say the truth, knew scarcely which way to look to hide the bright radiance of her blushes. Never had Walter Arndell seen her look so genuinely beautiful in his life.

He, however, advanced without betraying the slightest emotion toward the pair.

"I have only just heard of your arrival, Miss Haldane," he said, with his old frank smile, shaking hands heartily with her, while he offered his left to John Haldane, "and hasten to pay my respects. The air of country life seems to agree with you."

"Considering," she said, laughing to hide her confusion, "that I reached the country yesterday, the effect of the change must have been magical. You, however, do no credit to the character of the neighborhood. You appear singularly pale and haggard."

"Sleepless nights, late hours—the fault, I am afraid, must own to. But it is never too late to mend. If you are going to make any stay, we shall have some of our old country evenings—music, chess, and the like."

"I am delighted," said a gayety which puzzled John Haldane, while it rather hurt the feelings of poor Eleanor.

"Will you dine with us, Walter?" said the other, partly to change the subject, partly to gain an object he had in view.

"With pleasure," answered Walter.

"Then I will leave you with Eleanor, while I see my friend Wilson, the architect, who is beautifying my new mansion, Ever Castle. What say you, Walter? The Crown has been pleased to offer me a baronetcy. Sir John Haldane, of Ever Castle, Baronet, would not sound badly if, indeed, I had a son to leave my honors, dignities, and title to."

And, without waiting for an answer to what he felt to be a stinging speech, John Haldane went out, little suspecting how fatally he might, under other circumstances, have committed the one dear object he had in view.

Eleanor had sat down at the window. Walter took a seat close to her.

"I have not only very grave words to say to you, Eleanor," he almost faltered, after a pause, as if trying to collect his thoughts, "but I have to ask your advice upon the most momentous occasion of a man's life."

Eleanor shivered inwardly, but made no sign.

"I am going to tell you a story which resolves itself into the answer to a very brief question, whether a man should marry the woman he loves or the woman who loves him."

"Walter?"

"Excuse me. That is not the proper way to put it. Should a man in a moment of inebriate and precipitate passion marry a woman for whom he has had a sudden impulse—a kind of fancy—or should he wed one who might in time learn to love, respect, and appreciate him?"

"It is hard to give an opinion upon so important a subject, Walter, without knowing the exact facts of the case," she observed, with unusual mildness.

"You shall know them; in fact, you shall be my father confessor," he continued, with a calm and proud gravity that became him well.

Eleanor simply nodded. Some instinct told her she was about to pass through some terrible trial, perhaps a trial beyond her strength.

He then told her the whole story of his faded love for Maud, and how, upon closer examination, he had found he did not really care for her, and that he had resolved not to think of her more. He also told her that he had resolved to sacrifice his position as heir to Sir Vincent to Cecil.

"You have done well," was all she said.

"Have I? That remains to be seen. Eleanor, I am not about to give up all idea of future happiness. On Sunday evening, when I make the supreme decision of my life, I shall wish some consolation for whatever I yield."

"What consolation?"

"You!"

A great rush of blood, first from heart to face, and then from face to heart, giving her first the blush of the rose, and then the pallor of the lily, was the only reply given for a moment.

Walter took her hand, which remained unresistingly for one moment in his.

"Walter," she said, as soon as she could

gain courage to speak, "perhaps you may mean this kindly. You asked me a question just now—should you marry the woman you loved, or the woman who loved you? Do you mean to intimate that I love you?"

"Yes!"

It was a terrible risk to answer thus; it might have wholly ruined his cause.

"Walter Arndell, this is very ungenerous. What have I ever done to authorize you to speak in this manner? Leave me; I can never forgive you."

"It is the interest of Ever Castle, not my old friend, Eleanor, who speaks," said Walter, rising and stretching his hand out for his hat. "I thought—I thought—you might have spared a proud man any explanation of his position. I am not worthy of you—you are far above me in rank and position. I have only one thing to say in extenuation of my insolence I may have been guilty of, and that is, that I really do love you, and I believe, despite my momentary infatuation, have always done so."

"You love me?"

"Yes, Eleanor; I swear to you that it is only some strange mental blindness which has concealed the fact from me hitherto, and if you will take a poor, battered soldier, and strive to make him happy, he will only be too grateful, and endeavor to be all in all to you in return."

"Can I believe you, Walter?" she asked, tenderly, and we may be assured not without a perfect rush of happiness, which had not been known to her for many days.

"On my word as a gentleman, on my honor as a soldier, on my oath as a lover," and endeavoring to enter into full particulars of what followed.

Half an hour later they were seated together like regular old lovers, discussing a variety of subjects, the details of which will speedily appear.

While they were still engaged in earnest conversation, speaking low, holding hands, and whispering, John Haldane entered.

Eleanor rose to escape from the room, but Walter Arndell gently detained her.

"Mr. Haldane," he said, merrily, "I think you may accept her majesty's offer of a baronetcy. I think, if you will ask for it, I will take the name of Haldane, it is quite as good as Arndell."

"Boy—boy—I can't make you out," cried John Haldane, "but I believe you have made me very happy."

It would be vain to strive to describe that happy dinner, the mutual explanations that ensued, the light, pleasant, merry talk that lasted for hours.

Had Walter told the whole truth? We think not. To any one but a woman in love his inconsistency would have been transparent; but he had thoroughly made up his mind.

CHAPTER LVIII.

THE DECEITFUL.

We must now pass to the important Sunday that was to decide the fate of the false Hubert Mordant.

The dinner party at Sir Vincent's duty came to an end. The sham Hubert compelled the signature and Lucy to accompany him, and Walter Arndell was there, radiant with his new-found happiness. John Haldane had received an invitation, and a visit had been made to the cellar of the Red Lion, and the body of the steward had been found. Sir Vincent had had an interview with Mr. Meriton and Grosbeak, in the course of which he was made acquainted with all particulars of the deception which had been practised on him, and every one expected that there could now be an end to all the misery, doubt, and uncertainty which had surrounded the two families. The dinner passed off quietly enough, all during the dinner, a servant announced that some one wished to speak with Sir Vincent. Before the latter could reply, the entered, followed by two rough fellows, and immediately afterward Mr. Meriton stepped forward and confronted the supposed Hubert. Grosbeak hurried across the room, and seizing the latter by the collar, said, in a loud voice—

"Albert Mordant, murderer, forger, and attempted traitor, I arrest you in the name of the law!"

To say that all were surprised would be to exaggerate. Lady Blanche, Cecil, and Lucy did, however, open their eyes both with astonishment and horror.

"Take away your hands," said the wretched man, "I am Hubert Mordant—Albert is long since dead."

"I am Hubert Mordant, most unnatural brother," said Mr. Meriton, standing forward; "that I am alive is no fault of yours. You have murdered your wretched accomplice—directed the deed, followed him, have committed murder on my body, but that Providence stood in your way."

"Mercy!" cried the wretched culprit, whose eyes were fixed with horror on the two men behind Grosbeak, in whom he recognized two old keepers of Gibberston Lunatic Asylum; "don't give me up to them."

"Give me the paper which has enabled you to play my part so long," said the real Hubert, coldly.

Grosbeak took from his prisoner's breast a pocket-book, and tossed it to Mrs. Mordant. She opened it eagerly, and took out the fatal document and examined the false master of Trendledeep to play his part so long.

"Thus I restore to my husband his rights," she said; and placed it in Hubert's hands.

"This moment repays me for all my sufferings," cried Hubert, "Mercy, Hubert—mercy!" exclaimed the wretched man, falling on his knees.

"I confess everything?"

"Choose, then! Human justice, if you are sane, must be satisfied. I can forgive you everything; but what of the murder of your wretched steward and accomplice? If you are sane, you must be tried for that crime; if you are insane, the wrongs of society would be sufficiently avenged by your returning to your old quarters at Gibberston."

Albert began to laugh vacantly. All his cunning seemed to fail him—all the super human art that had sustained him, his grand imposture for so many years deserted him in this his hour of trial.

He pointed to the door, and without hesitation walked toward it between the two keepers.

He neither looked to the right or left, but had his eyes fixed horribly on vacancy.

Hubert, as he disappeared, sank into a chair, and burst into tears—tears of deep and fervent sorrow.

"After all," he said, "he is my brother; but what can I do?"

His wife and daughter look each a hand, and consoled him as well as they could.

"Never again can be hope to know freedom," continued Hubert, rising; "but every comfort consistent with safety shall be his. And now the hour grows late."

"Mr. Hubert Treborne Mordant," said the baronet, advancing, and taking his hand, "you do not love my house then. We are friends, and I hope that an alliance

between our families"—looking significantly at Cecil and Lucy—"may reconcile all difficulties, and unite the two houses of Mordant more intimately than ever. You know our estates run parallel."

"I take your hand as that of a friend," replied Mr. Hubert, averting his eyes from the beseeching looks of Cecil and the blushes of Lucy; "but my daughter cannot marry the heir of Sir Vincent Mordant."

"Neither shall she," said the grave voice of the supposed Walter Arndell. "I, Herbert, eldest son of Sir Vincent, introduce you to my younger brother Cecil, and with a gay laugh he held out his hand, "who is young enough to prefer the smiles of Lucy Mordant to the broad acres of his father."

The two young men, who had previously come to an explanation, shook hands heartily.

"Merciful Heaven, what is the meaning of this?" cried Lady Blanche, sinking back into a chair. "Sir Vincent, contradict this! This is a lie!"

"Blanche, I am compelled to introduce you to my elder son—the heir to my title and estate. I suffer now for one of the great sins of my youth. Cecil, thanks to our second British embassy marriage, is also my legitimate child, as are my girls."

"You best me there," said John Haldane, with a strange smile. "When I vowed vengeance in my wrath, I thought that you would have the miserable punishment of finding your marriage void and your children illegitimate. Thank Heaven that it has turned out otherwise, and that Cecil and Herbert are no bastard children."

"You had a wife living when we were married?" cried Lady Blanche.

"I did not know it," said Sir Vincent; "but all that shall be explained. We now await Mr. Mordant's decision. Cecil will have all my savings—will have his mother's property. He is no pauper."

Hubert was thunderstruck at this new combination, but when satisfied that it was all true, cried to Cecil—

"Take her with all my heart!"

Cecil and Lucy took each a hand, and thanked him warmly for his looks.

"But, dear Cecil, you have made me so happy," whispered his wife.

"You, too, against me? Well, better the poor fool than the mercenary elder brother," returned Hubert.

"And now," said Walter, gravely, "this is to be considered settled irrevocably?"

"My honor as a man," replied Hubert, coldly, "is at stake."

"Then listen to Herbert Mordant for the last time. My much-respected father, and you, my lady mother, who look not smilingly on the interloper, learn that I have played my part of heir to the baronetcy for one night only. Hear me! I never dreamed of robbing you of the name or of his inheritance. I knew of Mr. Hubert's rash vow, and to release him from it, determined to assert and prove my rights. You own me, Sir Vincent, for your legitimate elder son, and acknowledge all these documents to be valid and genuine."

"I do—on my honor as a man and my faith as a Christian," cried Sir Vincent.

"Enough! You have done my mother justice—that is all I ask. By this act I become plain Walter Arndell again, unless Mr. Hubert retracts his word."

And he cast all the papers into the flames, stirring them with a poker, while he held off John Haldane, who tried frantically to capture them.

"Madman!" he gasped forth.

"Noble fellow!" "Hero!" "My glorious brother, I cannot accept!" were the cries that burst from all around.

"Hear me," said Walter, holding up his hand. "A young lady here present, without the fear of her father or anybody else before her eyes, has promised to be my wife. As she is of age, she gave me her promise without conditions. Her wicked and hard-hearted father sent me off with a shilling—in which case, I have my pay and a trifle of my wife's—or he may consent."

"And make you lord of Ever Castle," said the surprised and half-gratified John Haldane.

"Which case I shall take the name and style of Sir Walter Arndell Haldane," continued the importunate captain of dragons.

John Haldane laughed, and that which was said on the spur of the moment shortly after proved true.

"Take away Lucy as the only son of Sir Vincent, while Arndell married his wife as the adopted son and sole heir of John Haldane, of Ever Castle, Baronet, and had no cause to repent his generosity. Cecil remained always his fervent friend, treated with the respectful familiarity of a young brother."

The family secret was never whispered beyond the circle to which it was made known on that night.

Both Sir Vincent and John Haldane paid a visit to Mr. Newcome Twist, and as may be guessed, he had a "bad quarter of an hour" during the two of them. They compelled him to give up every document he had relating to the Mordant family, and he shortly afterward retired from business, and sank into his native obscurity.

Lady Blanche fretted a little, and lived in continual awe of Walter, but soon got over this, when he stood godfather to Cecil's eldest son.

The three families were now as united as they were once separated.

Two years after the departure of the sham Hubert to Gibberston Asylum, Mr. Grosbeak, who was now steward of all the real Hubert's estates, was astounded by the arrival of a mounted messenger from the celebrated Lunatic Asylum, who was at once ushered into his apartment.

"Anybody dead?" asked Grosbeak, surprised at the other's scared and terrified look.

"Not quite; but Thomas and Jones are half killed," Mr. Mordant knocked down with a heavy stick, splintering their skulls, and escaped in the confusion.

"The doctor! I must call Mr. Hubert," responded the other, ringing.

In ten minutes Mr. Mordant, stout and well, joined them. He heard the story with alarm.

"We must scour the country," he said, "and when he is caught he must be rightly confined. It is a sad trouble, but he must be found. Neither I nor my wife can be safe. You must set every engine to work. And every engine was set to work, but he was not found for some months. Then an emaciated body was discovered in the lower cellar of the Red Lion.

A spade and a mattock and a small hole showed the object of the mania.

He had come there to strive and baffle the evidences of his crime, long since buried.

In all probability the wretched man had died of starvation.

THE END.

Griff the bodies of Mrs. Everett and Mrs. Castable (actors) who mysteriously disappeared in June last—when they went to visit the horse show at the Alexandra Park, near London—were found on August 21-4 in the ruins of the Alexandra Palace. No clue has been discovered as to how the deceased found their way into the building. The general belief is that they wandered unnoticed into the ruins and were buried under some portion of the masonry which suddenly gave way. The bodies were much decomposed. Their watches and chains were found on them.

Griff the bodies of Mrs. Everett and Mrs. Castable (actors) who mysteriously disappeared in June last—when they went to visit the horse show at the Alexandra Park, near London—were found on August 21-4 in the ruins of the Alexandra Palace. No clue has been discovered as to how the deceased found their way into the building. The general belief is that they wandered unnoticed into the ruins and were buried under some portion of the masonry which suddenly gave way. The bodies were much decomposed. Their watches and chains were found on them.

Griff the bodies of Mrs. Everett and Mrs. Castable (actors) who mysteriously disappeared in June last—when they went to visit the horse show at the Alexandra Park, near London—were found on August 21-4 in the ruins of the Alexandra Palace. No clue has been discovered as to how the deceased found their way into the building. The general belief is that they wandered unnoticed into the ruins and were buried under some portion of the masonry which suddenly gave way. The bodies were much decomposed. Their watches and chains were found on them.

Griff the bodies of Mrs. Everett and Mrs. Castable (actors) who mysteriously disappeared in June last—when they went to visit the horse show at the Alexandra Park, near London—were found on August 21-4 in the ruins of the Alexandra Palace. No clue has been discovered as to how the deceased found their way into the building. The general belief is that they wandered unnoticed into the ruins and were buried under some portion of the masonry which suddenly gave way. The bodies were much decomposed. Their watches and chains were found on them.

Taking Aim with Both Eyes.

(From "The Birch Leaf.")

Our author quotes Mr. Douglass's "Shooting Simplified," as follows:

"The proper way is to throw the gun well up and into the shoulder; the setting off of the stock will then bring the gun right in front of the face; and, the head being erect, and both eyes fixed intently on the object, the lines of motion are coincident, and the aim taken instinctively. The central pellets have then an allowance given them to compensate for distance and the motion of the object. You look along an imaginary line, higher at the breech according to distance, and at this elevation the gun is fired, exactly as a rifle target shooter sets his breech sights to a given distance."

"How does a man drive a nail? Certainly not by closing one eye and looking along the hammer; but, with both eyes open, he mechanically balances the hammer and strikes instinctively, never, if accustomed to the use of the tool, missing his aim. It is the same in shooting. In Once a Week is an article, signed D. P., which indirectly bears upon this 'Binocular vision, then, or the seeing with two eyes, is a most important element in the mastery of sight. To this we owe all our best shots of distance or rapid fire."

To many it may seem rather paradoxical to declare that monocular (one-eyed) vision is destitute of any real sense of distance. . . . Place upon the table an empty small mouthed vial, and taking another similar bottle full of water in one hand, shoot at the eye and approach the bottle upon the table; then, without any searching motion, stretch your arm quickly out and pour the water from the full barrel fairly into the other. In doing this, although you may not be absolutely unsuccessful, you will not fail to be conscious of the difference in distance, which disappears immediately upon opening the other eye, plainly proving that judgment and experience, without any optical sense of relief, were guiding your first efforts. A similar uncertainty will be experienced in endeavoring to approach and snuff a candle with one eye shut. It is the 'judgment and experience' part which misleads the one-eye advocate. Through great practice they do shoot well, and, therefore, insist upon others throwing away the 'real sense of distance' and 'optical sense,' which in taking aim are so invaluable. Men who are wide apart always excel in shooting through plain optical causes."

The nearer the eyes are, the less is the binocular power, and yet how strange it is to find sportsmen who would still further narrow this fine provision of nature into the diameter of one retina only. Throwing the forefinger into a line with the object of aim by instinctive effort, keeping both eyes firmly fixed and following the flight of the object, is the first great principle in shooting well."

Men who have been excellent shots have carried the principle of two-eyed shooting such an extent that they have always shot through the hip. Others have never raised a gun above the elbow. Within two years I have seen a man, having lost his left arm, had acquired the power to throw the left shoulder forward for his gun to rest upon, and fired across his body, without an attempt to aim. He was said to be a good shot.

Pursuing Mr. Douglass's illustration of a man driving a nail, many similar examples might be mentioned. The American backwoodsman is remarkably dexterous with his axe. He takes no sight. The long-handled weapon is swung aloft, with his eyes fixed upon the tree, and the axe descends, strokes after stroke, never varying; if the felled tree is examined, it shows only a long, continued cut, with but one mark of the blade, and it looks as if one stroke has severed it. This proves that he has not once missed his mark, although he has had many an aim.

Watch two blacksmiths as their sledge hammers alternate upon the anvil. They take no aim. It is the same throughout the whole list of those working at skilled labor.

Boys take no aim or sight when throwing stones and yells, if their practice is accurate, they become good marksmen. Indians with blow-guns are another example. As the reed is put to the mouth, and the arrow propelled by the breath, it is impossible that the one-eyed aim can be taken. But yet they are astonishing marksmen, and their aim undoubtedly is the two-eyed aim. The same is true of them with their bows and arrows.

The "slingers" of the ancient days, and the lance-throwers of the present day, had and have the eyes alone to guide them. Fancy them taking a squint with one eye before they hurled their missiles!

Good marksmen and authorities should be sufficient to induce sportsmen to put their accuracy to a test. The wild fowler particularly should understand these principles. By adopting them, he will find the range and power of his gun increased and his bag proportionately better filled. Fewer cranes will have to be released, and fewer wounded birds will fly off, apparently unhurt, but in reality to die a lingering death.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

SHELLS. By ELLA WHEELER. Author of "Drops of Water," and other poems. Published by HANSEN & STOREY, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Many will be surprised, as we were, in looking over this neat and tasteful volume, to find how many sweet and excellent things Ella Wheeler has written. Nothing better, we still think, than our old favorite, "A Summer Day," which happens to please our taste; but others, we doubt not, would prefer by many readers, some of their pathos, coming from the heart and reaching the heart as surely, such as "Life and Death," "Jennie," "Daft," "Buried To Day," some for the playful grace of "Three Years Old."

"A robin up in the hickories—
He sang songs this day—
He sang songs this day—
Three years old today—
Somebody brought him eyes back up—
Through his blind eyes of gold—
And he sang the same song to-day—
To-day I was ten years old!"

Many will like "One of These," and "Compassion," and the spirited patriotic "Many a Soldier of Wisconsin," to whom the book is dedicated, have good reason to be proud of the young singer who has risen up in their midst, winning a hearing far and wide.

The frontispiece of the volume is a photograph of the fair authoress herself, a lovely face, full of character, and with a dreamy, poetical look in the eyes. We commend her selection of beautiful "Shells" to the patronage of our readers.

During a recent trial in South Wales, to test the validity of a will, it was proved that in 1867 the testator became impaired in intellect to such an extent that he went to the post-office with a postage stamp on his forehead and requested to be sent, by mail, to a place he mentioned.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

A young lady talking about wigs, said she would rather dye than wear one.

Stanley has placed his little (1911) follower in an English school.

An old lady from the country, with six unmarried daughters, went into Augusta, Ga., the other day, hunting for the Patrons of Husbandry. She meant business.

Kate Grant, an old Indian squaw, living at Grant, Wisconsin, has killed eight bears this summer. Kate is still unmarried. Many a bear has attempted to hug her, but she never permitted such familiarity.

The Cresco (Iowa) Plain Dealer threatens to print the name of every man in that place who visits a liquor saloon, the number of times a day he makes the visit, and at what hours.

In Havana every Monday morning a list of all the engagements of marriage that have taken place during the preceding week are published in the papers. The pleasant task of the printer is to be satisfied by the parents on both sides, and written out in legal form.

"Put down your umbrella! You'll scare this engine off the track!" screamed the engineer on the Western North Carolina road to a crowd of people who had gathered to see the first train of cars come in. They were all lowered at once.

Two young ladies of La Crosse were standing by the side of a ditch thirteen feet wide which they didn't know how to cross, when their escort said "smack" and they cleared it at a bound.

Has been entitled "Lectures to Married Men" has appeared in England. Have they not had their share already?

This is recorded in the Lawrence American: "A young man in this city, who was paying attention to a girl, gave her some trinkets as tokens of his affection, including a ring, bracelet, earrings, and a brooch. The other evening, when 'another fellow' he walked up and demanded his love-tokens back, and—being a special police officer—'informed her that if she did not comply he would take her to the police station. She surrendered the trinkets."

Mrs. Wood, of De Kalb county, Iowa, wrote to the man from whom she had been twice divorced, asking him if he couldn't take care of the children. He replied, "Yes, and of you too," and they are now married for the third time.

The chief aim of the people of the United States at present seems to be how much writing can be got on the surface of a postal card. One enterprising young idiot out west has managed to jam in 2,250 words.

An ingenious arrangement of ropes and pulleys has been invented by which a chair, a churn, a rocking chair and a fan are all kept in operation at the same time, while the operator is left at liberty to sew or read.

A Good Thing Truly Appreciated. No beneficial revolution ever goes backward, and this maxim is as valuable in medicine as in politics. The advent of Hovatter's Kidney Beans, twenty years ago, produced a revolution in the treatment of a large class of ailments, and that revolution has ever since been in "the full tide of successful experience." If it did this have the proportion of the celebrated vegetable specified in the following: It has also borne its share of human beings, who were languishing under the effects of disease, weak and hopeless, out of the depths of despondency into the paradise of health and cheerfulness. It is no exaggeration to say, that to the vigor, the regularity of habit of body, the good appetite and perfect digestion, acquired under the operation of this unspiced tonic and corrective, multitudes of people in every part of life, who had been vainly pined in the usual way, owe the blessings of renewed health and the prospect of prolonged life.

VIENNA PREMIUMS AGAIN, AND THE AMERICAN SEWING-MACHINES.

By reference to the "General Regulations of the Vienna Universal Exhibition," published by Archduke Rainer, President of the Imperial Commission, we find medals were to be awarded in the Mechanical Department, in two classes, one for Men, and one for Women. The medal for men was for the article of sewing the greatest merit of its kind and class; and the medal for women for the article of sewing which had made the greatest progress toward perfection. (In this country, the award of progress would be called a second premium.) Hence we conclude that, as the Wilson Sewing-Machine was the only sewing-machine that received the Grand Medal of Merit, the awards were made at the Vienna Exposition, it must have been the best sewing-machine on exhibition; although other sewing-machines that received medals for progress should not be considered very inferior machines. At the great American Centennial Exposition of 1876, they may have improved as to equal the world-renowned Wilson Sewing-Machine. New York Tribune Sept. 26, 1913.

DR. RADWAY'S Sarsaparillian Resolvent, THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

FOR THE CURE OF ALL CHRONIC DISEASES, SCROFULA, ULCERS, CHRONIC RHEUMATISM, RHEUMATISM, KIDNEY, BLADDER, AND LIVER COMPLAINTS, DYSPEPSIA, AFFECTIONS OF THE LUNGS AND THROAT.

PURIFIES THE BLOOD, RESTORES HEALTH AND VIGOR, CLEANS SKIN AND BEAUTIFIES COMPLEXION.

REQUIRED TO ALL.

Sold by Druggists. Price \$1 per Bottle.

DR. RADWAY'S PERFECT PURGATIVE PILLS.

Perfectly tasteless, perfectly safe, for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, bowels, liver, bladder, nervous diseases, indigestion, constipation, constipation, indigestion, dyspepsia, indigestion, nervous fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure.

Price 50 cents per box. Sold by Druggists.

DR. RADWAY & CO., 33 Warren St., New York.

not marked, while this one has the letters "J. G." stamped on it. Are you satisfied now?"

"Oh, yes, Mr. Francis, I am satisfied that I should ever have allowed such a foolish thought to take possession of me. But who can it belong to? Dependent upon it, as the owner of that glove, whoever he may be, knows something of my poor master's death."

"I don't know what to think, Hodgson," replied Mr. Francis. "I know no one in the house with such initials."

He examined the glove again more carefully, and discovered another proof, if any were wanting, that he had never worn it. It was two sizes smaller than his own, and had never been stretched by the hand being too large.

The initials "J. G." were plain enough, but neither Frank nor the gamekeeper could associate them with any of the inmates or visitors at Westwick, and Hodgson left the young man's presence very much relieved in his simple mind at finding his favorite, Mr. Francis, was not the guilty creature he had for a short space imagined him.

But no clue was found to the ownership of the odd glove; no fellow could be found to it, no one had been seen to leave the park, and no suspicious characters had been seen about the neighborhood.

The affair seemed to be wrapped in impenetrable mystery as day by day rolled on and nothing was discovered to throw any light upon it.

Mr. Bouverie was committed to the grave with all the pomp befitting his station. Trains of carriages followed the dead day of the once master of Westwick to its last resting place, and many a tear testified to the respect of those poorer and humbler neighbors who lived near him.

The property was found to be in excellent order, and Miss Bouverie was a rich heiress too. She removed to London with her aunt soon after the funeral, too depressed and broken by her loss to care about the brilliant establishment which there awaited her.

Mrs. Everfield proposed to act as her chambermaid and introduce her to the gay world as soon as her term of mourning should have expired, and Frank followed them to town, for his time at home was short, and he desired to see all of his darling that he could before he left her for a long cruise.

His darling! Yes, that was the name he gave to Alma Bouverie in his heart. The boy of former days, the little sweet fellow, had grown into a handsome, manly fellow, worthy of any girl's love, of any man's respect. He had a frank, open face, with merry brown eyes and well-cut features, and many of the softer and lighter hints of his mother, and he never knew, or if he did, only smiled at their infatuation, for his heart was wholly hers.

He resolved to keep the odd glove, come what would, for he had a feeling that it would some day prove a clue to discovery, and he hid it carefully by amongst his treasures, intending to give it to his lawyers when he went away to sea.

(To be continued in our next.)

THE WHITE LADY:

The Brierton Mystery.

CHAPTER XVI.

A BOMBING PARTY.

Wild Will went to a lawyer in the village, to see if he would lend them money on the legacy, but Mrs. Deane was much too keen for this.

He was strictly polite, of course, but he felt himself compelled to remind the gentleman that he had no possible guarantee of the truth of his story, and must, therefore, decline to entertain his proposition.

Still Wild Will was only discouraged for the moment. He went back to Dolly with something very like a spite on his face.

"Well," she cried, running eagerly to meet him as he entered, "what have you done?"

"Wasted my time, that is all. Those French lawyers are so confoundingly cunning and cautious. Mrs. Deane hinted, very civilly, of course, that, for aught he knew, I might be a mere adventurer."

"I don't see how he was to know any better, Will."

"I suppose not, but it is confoundingly inconvenient. I'll just smoke a cigar to help out my reflections; it only cost me a penny. I never thought I should fall so low as to smoke a cigar. I didn't, indeed, but I'll treat myself to a box of the choicest Havana smoke any day, just to take the taste out of my mouth, when I get rich. But, meanwhile, what are we to do?"

Dolly bent her head into her hands, and pondered.

"Dear Will, very pale and thin, and her face like a worn, anxious look, unusual in one so young, but her sweetest smile, and Dolly did not complain."

The miserable room was tidy and clean, now, thanks to her care, and she had a bouquet of wild flowers on the table just to remind her of home.

Wild Will, making grimaces of disgust over his cheap cigar, glanced from these to her, and his heart melted within him. He came and knelt beside her, and clasped her tenderly in his arms.

"I tell you what," he cried. "I can't bear this any longer. I can't stand it. If you were to die, I shouldn't have another day's happiness in this world."

"But I don't mean to die; at least, until I am ever so old, replied Dolly, smiling but starting, too. "What made you think of such a thing?"

"You look so pale, dear."

"About that, Dolly, I dare say I shall manage it. I can go the cheapest way to work, and it's safer—I shouldn't stir attention, just now. I estimate it will take me a day to get there; another to transact my business, if all goes well; and, on the evening of the third, I shall return to my dear, patient little wife. Do you approve of the programme?"

"Yes," she said, but with a heavy sigh. "only you must be quick. Will, if anything were to happen in a foreign country, and you away, I am sure I should die."

"But you told me, just now, you didn't mean to die, foolish child."

"Not if I can help it. I want to live for the sake of the child that is promised me."

"And not for my sake, Dolly?"

She shivered for her momentary disloyalty to many a tender kiss.

"I only meant that you could do without me, Will."

"Then you're wrong, Dolly, for I couldn't let all. I should be just lost without my little girl to take care of me."

"Then mind you come back soon."

"Let me see. I'll start late to-night, Dolly, so as to catch the early boat across, and then you'll fall asleep, and forget that I am gone."

"It is you who are wrong now, Will," she returned.

"Anyhow, it will be better than your having the long day before you, dear, won't it? Because, if you only doze off now and then, it will be forgetting, and that will save time for me, and get me back sooner. At that rate, I can be home by Thursday night."

She clasped her hands thankfully. Wild Will might be a broken reed, but he was all she had to trust to and lean upon, and poor Dolly had no strength of her own left.

Her husband went off for his gun, then, and came back radiant, an hour later, with four Napoleons in his hand, one of which he made Dolly take, as a provision during his absence, although she strongly remonstrated.

"For I eat so little now," she said; "and it is only for three days to his honor."

"In case of a little longer delay," he began, but Dolly would not let him finish.

"You know you mustn't be longer," she interrupted.

"It wouldn't be my fault if I were."

"The result would be the same, whom ever fault it was. You will be sorry all your life if you disappoint me."

"I suppose you mean, in that case, to run away with my friend, the sub-tenant?" said her husband, trying to make a joke of her fears.

"Don't!" said Dolly, pressing her hand nervously on her arm. "I can't laugh now."

"But you'll laugh when I come home, Dolly."

"If I'm alive, I'll find you a smile of welcome, Will, if I am dead—"

"Hush!" he cried, with real pain. "It is only that I fancy, sometimes, I shall be punished for my conduct to papa, by not being allowed to see my child."

"Come, Dolly, if you talk in this way, I won't go at all. I thought you had such a brave heart."

"Yes, only I am not strong, Will, and it seems hard to part with you, that is all."

"Shall I stay, then?"

Dolly's destiny hung on her answer; but her good angel had forsaken her, it would seem, for after some very slight hesitation, she answered, firmly, "You had better go. Three days will soon pass, after all, I shall have some hope to cheer me whilst you are away."

"You are quite sure you can bear the parting?" said Wild Will, with unusual earnestness.

"Quite. Isn't it time you started, dear?"

She handed him the little bag she had packed, with a smile.

"That is right," he cried. "I shall want to picture you bright and charming, like the Dolly of days gone by."

This allusion brought a ready tear to Dolly's eye, but she took care he should not see it.

"Just come down to the end of the lane with me," he said, seemingly loth to part with her, although, as she kept insisting, for her own comfort, it would be only for three days. "I'll wait there until you get home again."

"Oh, but I don't look such a coward as that," answered Dolly, and just throwing a shawl over her shoulders, she followed him out.

They walked down the road in silence, Dolly clinging closely to his arm, and the moonbeams shining upon her golden head and pale face, made her look so fair and ethereal. Wild Will had an idea she would "vanish into thin air" as soon as he loosened his hold.

He lingered as long as he dared, and then, catching her to his heart, strained her close, kissing her eyes and lips, with fervent devotion.

"God bless you, dear girl! I'll be back soon."

And he was gone.

He turned once, and Dolly had climbed up the bank to see the last of him, and was waving her handkerchief. He could not discern her features very plainly, but he caught the dark outline of her figure, as it was defined against the moonlit background, and a lump rose in his throat, nearly choking him.

"Poor dear little Dolly!" he sighed, with one of those gleams of good feeling which redeemed some of his faults. "She has suffered a good deal, but I will make it all up to her when I become rich."

Meanwhile, Dolly, now that he was no longer in sight, slipped down the bank, and made for her lodging, baring to relieve her overcharged heart by a good cry.

But, suddenly, as she faced the old chamber momentarily, she saw, staring out against the dark background of one of the ivy-clad towers, apparently resting against the embrasure of a ruined window, the apparition of a woman, dressed in long white garments.

The face was deathly pale, the eyes large and luminous, and, even then this dimly, appeared to Dolly full of reproach and pain, as they fixed themselves steadily on her.

With the courage of desperation, the girl fled past this thing, with a cry, and never once looked back until she reached the safe shelter of her own room, where, overcome with excitement and fear, she fainted away.

CHAPTER XVII.

MR. LANGLEY CAME TO A RESOLUTION WHICH HE DOES NOT FAIL TO CARRY INTO EFFECT.

Captain Vane only stopped in town to call upon Mr. Langley, whom he had managed to inspire with so much respect and friendship, that he would have spent any money, and given months of his valuable time, to fix the guilt of Winifred's death on some one else, so that the young officer might be fully exonerated before the world; for there were some who still believed in his guilt, and readily invented

motives for the crime, which, luckily for him, had never occurred to the jury.

But Mr. Langley had had far too much experience in such matters ever to doubt Captain Vane's innocence from the moment that they had confronted each other in the prison cell, and the young officer had hesitatingly extended his hand.

There was an expression of deep, abiding sorrow in the dark eyes, but to their shame nor remorse, and Mr. Langley accepted the clasp of his sustained hand readily and cordially.

Whilst the trial lasted, they were naturally brought into close communication, which ended in establishing a real friendship between the two men, dissimilar as they were in age, habits, and mode of life.

"Well," said Mr. Langley, when the first greetings were over, "I have been waiting badly to see you, but could not get your address. I have been to Brierton, and even Mr. de Lacy."

"I have something to tell you that must needs distress you terribly, and open up the old wound; but you ought to know it, too."

"It is about Winifred?" inquired the other in a stifled voice.

"Go on, then; I can bear anything better than suspense."

"There is no doubt her body has been found. Some fishermen saw it on the beach, where it had been cast by the tide; and, though it was very difficult to identify her, they were sure of it, and went immediately to the spot, so was so far satisfied that he had her buried at Brierton, and a simple cross is already placed over her grave."

"When did this happen?" asked Captain Vane, busily.

"It was some time before Captain Vane recovered himself, but when he did, he explained everything connected with his Continental experiences without reservation, the lawyer listening attentively, but making no comment meanwhile."

He did not know how much reason he should have to regret his candor in after days.

"Well, what do you think?" inquired Captain Vane, finding the other did not speak.

"I think Wild Will is the man."

"My friend Chester seems the assumption."

"Then how does he account for the fellow's sudden flight just after the loss of the fragment of cloth that you had so carefully preserved?"

"He says it was a mere coincidence."

"I hope he admits, however, that it is a coincidence only enough to hang twenty years on the neck of a man, with an air that showed great content for Major Chester's judgment and discernment."

"Wild Will gave the coat from which this fragment was torn to his landlord, hoping, no doubt, it would be sold and lost sight of. I begin to think that his recklessness is a blind, for he has given a good deal of method throughout this affair."

"And yet I can't account for it, but there is something rather taking about the fellow, too."

"Well, the only time I had the pleasure of seeing him he didn't strike me in that light, answered Mr. Langley, dryly. He told me that he was a man of his word."

"I believe that is his normal condition," interrupted Captain Vane, with a slight, wintry smile.

"Then that fact in itself proves that he is a man of his principles. To my certain knowledge he has made away with a good deal of his money, and has been so very, very busy between extravagance and crime. When you are tormented by duty, and in perpetual danger of losing your liberty, you get in that desperate state when everything is possible."

"And yet there are far more splendid opportunities in some cases the tempting opportunity has been wanting. Wild Will went down to Brierton, possibly, to beg of Miss de Lacy, dogged her steps to the wood, and seeing her standing unconsciously at the water's edge, was seized with the thought of the case was so very, very busy between extravagance and crime. When you are tormented by duty, and in perpetual danger of losing your liberty, you get in that desperate state when everything is possible."

"And yet there are far more splendid opportunities in some cases the tempting opportunity has been wanting. Wild Will went down to Brierton, possibly, to beg of Miss de Lacy, dogged her steps to the wood, and seeing her standing unconsciously at the water's edge, was seized with the thought of the case was so very, very busy between extravagance and crime. When you are tormented by duty, and in perpetual danger of losing your liberty, you get in that desperate state when everything is possible."

"And yet there are far more splendid opportunities in some cases the tempting opportunity has been wanting. Wild Will went down to Brierton, possibly, to beg of Miss de Lacy, dogged her steps to the wood, and seeing her standing unconsciously at the water's edge, was seized with the thought of the case was so very, very busy between extravagance and crime. When you are tormented by duty, and in perpetual danger of losing your liberty, you get in that desperate state when everything is possible."

"And yet there are far more splendid opportunities in some cases the tempting opportunity has been wanting. Wild Will went down to Brierton, possibly, to beg of Miss de Lacy, dogged her steps to the wood, and seeing her standing unconsciously at the water's edge, was seized with the thought of the case was so very, very busy between extravagance and crime. When you are tormented by duty, and in perpetual danger of losing your liberty, you get in that desperate state when everything is possible."

"And yet there are far more splendid opportunities in some cases the tempting opportunity has been wanting. Wild Will went down to Brierton, possibly, to beg of Miss de Lacy, dogged her steps to the wood, and seeing her standing unconsciously at the water's edge, was seized with the thought of the case was so very, very busy between extravagance and crime. When you are tormented by duty, and in perpetual danger of losing your liberty, you get in that desperate state when everything is possible."

shall think you object to regard me in any other light."

"No, you won't, because you know better."

And Captain Vane held out his hand once more, with that vague, wintry smile which so often takes the place of tears.

With a close clasp on either side, they parted, and Captain Vane went back to his hotel.

The next morning he and Major Chester started for Brierton.

It was a delightful day—warm and bright, with a soft, fragrant wind blowing over the heather on the old moor, and gathering force as it went.

Every scent, and sound, and sight seemed so familiar to Captain Vane; for it was on just such another that he had travelled the same way to meet his love after their long parting.

He grew more and more depressed as they neared the village, and Major Chester, who had tried, at first, to rouse him, gave up the attempt in despair.

They could not get lodgings, at first, in the village; but Mrs. Merrivale, hearing of their strait, and having a keen eye to the main chance (her husband being subject to the rheumatism, and taking them in; and, after an early dinner, she cooked by her own side, they walked off together to Squire de Lacy's.

The footman said that his master and mistress were both in the garden, and directed them there. Captain Vane being at home, as it were, led the way.

They walked down the central path, and round the shrubberies, and, seeing no sign of them, were about to return to the house, and solicit the footman's kindly intervention, when they heard a clear, fresh voice one of them, at any rate, recognized with pleasure, saying, "Isn't it odd, papa, that Captain Vane should be here?"

"No, my dear, I can't say it strikes me so," was the quiet reply.

There was a brief silence, and then Madeleine added, "I don't think you ought to sit long, papa. No one comes where we are, and you know how easily you get tired."

"You take too much care of me, dear child; it is a lovely afternoon. But come, Jack, we have orders to move on."

And father and daughter emerged from a little rustic arbor, and turned toward the shrubberies, without perceiving the two young men who had just been introduced to them.

The old Squire had his jacket slung on his hand, and his long white hair, mild and smiling, and his eyes, must have impressed any one in his favor.

Madeline walked by his side with a light, free step, and the sun shining from the rim of her hair, gave it a bright, ruddy gleam, and his countenance could not see her face, but Major Chester knew, by some instinct, that it was fair and comely, with that gentle English prettiness which suits so well with the quiet home life.

"They followed quickly, and made themselves known to Captain Vane, introducing his friend with due ceremony."

"If you speak of a person, he is sure to appear," observed the old Squire, addressing his former guest, but regarding Major Chester with covert attention, not without a certain degree of interest.

"I hope you have come back to the moor, Captain Vane; your room has been kept ready."

"You are very kind," answered the young officer; "but my friend and I want to be together, so that I felt myself compelled to make other arrangements. Mrs. Merrivale has been good enough to take the room, and I have no objection to my hospitality here, I should not feel justified in any case, in returning here."

"Your visit gave us real pleasure," answered the old Squire, with great courtesy. "Our only regret was that it should have been cut short so suddenly. Madeline and I had been looking forward to it."

"It was very kind of you, I am sure."

"Not at all, we couldn't help it, you know. By the by," (carelessly, "you haven't heard any tidings of my unfortunate young relative, William de Lacy, have you?"

"He is abroad—that is all I know."

"I am glad to hear that," said Mr. de Lacy, with a sigh. "I had great hopes of him at one time, but now I feel quite to despair. You heard of his companion, I presume?"

"No," and Captain Vane looked up eagerly.

"I persuaded the youngest daughter of my cousin, Charles de Lacy, a mere child, into marrying him privately; and when he left England, she accompanied him."

This, then, was the lady, "blonde like a wheat-ear," for whom he had found it so difficult to account.

Captain Vane could not conceal his surprise at her being in possession of William de Lacy's utilities, not because he loved her himself, but because he thought the poor girl deserved a better fate.

With all his heart he pitied the unhappy child who had confided herself to Wild Will, and was now being kept.

"It is very sad," said, after a short silence, "I suppose Mr. de Lacy can do nothing?"

"No; it is impossible to separate husband and wife; and as she has made her bed, so she must lie upon it."

"I wonder why," said Mr. de Lacy, but his answer was cut short by a natural, but laugh so sincere, that he immediately dismissed the idea, and joined in the merriment, when Jack, receding a little from his host's former, retired, with great dignity, from the scene.

Keeping by Major Chester's side, the old Squire engaged him in conversation, taking care that his daughter and Captain Vane should have an opportunity of conversing unintercepted.

"He wants them to marry," thought Major Chester, who was busy taking notes.

"I wonder why," said Mr. de Lacy, but his answer was cut short by a natural, but laugh so sincere, that he immediately dismissed the idea, and joined in the merriment, when Jack, receding a little from his host's former, retired, with great dignity, from the scene.

Keeping by Major Chester's side, the old Squire engaged him in conversation, taking care that his daughter and Captain Vane should have an opportunity of conversing unintercepted.

"He wants them to marry," thought Major Chester, who was busy taking notes.

"I wonder why," said Mr. de Lacy, but his answer was cut short by a natural, but laugh so sincere, that he immediately dismissed the idea, and joined in the merriment, when Jack, receding a little from his host's former, retired, with great dignity, from the scene.

Keeping by Major Chester's side, the old Squire engaged him in conversation, taking care that his daughter and Captain Vane should have an opportunity of conversing unintercepted.

"He wants them to marry," thought Major Chester, who was busy taking notes.

"I wonder why," said Mr. de Lacy, but his answer was cut short by a natural, but laugh so sincere, that he immediately dismissed the idea, and joined in the merriment, when Jack, receding a little from his host's former, retired, with great dignity, from the scene.

Keeping by Major Chester's side, the old Squire engaged him in conversation, taking care that his daughter and Captain Vane should have an opportunity of conversing unintercepted.

"He wants them to marry," thought Major Chester, who was busy taking notes.

"I wonder why," said Mr. de Lacy, but his answer was cut short by a natural, but laugh so sincere, that he immediately dismissed the idea, and joined in the merriment, when Jack, receding a little from his host's former, retired, with great dignity, from the scene.

Keeping by Major Chester's side, the old Squire engaged him in conversation, taking care that his daughter and Captain Vane should have an opportunity of conversing unintercepted.

"He wants them to marry," thought Major Chester, who was busy taking notes.

"I wonder why," said Mr. de Lacy, but his answer was cut short by a natural, but laugh so sincere, that he immediately dismissed the idea, and joined in the merriment, when Jack, receding a little from his host's former, retired, with great dignity, from the scene.

Keeping by Major Chester's side, the old Squire engaged him in conversation, taking care that his daughter and Captain Vane should have an opportunity of conversing unintercepted.

"He wants them to marry," thought Major Chester, who was busy taking notes.

"I wonder why," said Mr. de Lacy, but his answer was cut short by a natural, but laugh so sincere, that he immediately dismissed the idea, and joined in the merriment, when Jack, receding a little from his host's former, retired, with great dignity, from the scene.

Keeping by Major Chester's side, the old Squire engaged him in conversation, taking care that his daughter and Captain Vane should have an opportunity of conversing unintercepted.

"He wants them to marry," thought Major Chester, who was busy taking notes.

"I wonder why," said Mr. de Lacy, but his answer was cut short by a natural, but laugh so sincere, that he immediately dismissed the idea, and joined in the merriment, when Jack, receding a little from his host's former, retired, with great dignity, from the scene.

Keeping by Major Chester's side, the old Squire engaged him in conversation, taking care that his daughter and Captain Vane should have an opportunity of conversing unintercepted.

"He wants them to marry," thought Major Chester, who was busy taking notes.

"I wonder why," said Mr. de Lacy, but his answer was cut short by a natural, but laugh so sincere, that he immediately dismissed the idea, and joined in the merriment, when Jack, receding a little from his host's former, retired, with great dignity, from the scene.

Keeping by Major Chester's side, the old Squire engaged him in conversation, taking care that his daughter and Captain Vane should have an opportunity of conversing unintercepted.

"He wants them to marry," thought Major Chester, who was busy taking notes.

"I wonder why," said Mr. de Lacy, but his answer was cut short by a natural, but laugh so sincere, that he immediately dismissed the idea, and joined in the merriment, when Jack, receding a little from his host's former, retired, with great dignity, from the scene.

Keeping by Major Chester's side

THE HEIR OF GLENDALE;

Jewel with the Serpent Setting.

BY FRANK CARROLL.

AUTHOR OF "JOHN FARMER'S PLOT,"

ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXVII.

MR. BRADY'S VISITOR.

William Brady, carpenter, of Smithville, was busily working and whistling in his shop the next day, making the shavings fly with every movement of his stalwart arms, and fashioning the rough wood into shapes of utility if not of beauty.

He was a large, light-haired and fair-skinned man, with florid cheeks and almost hairless. His face wore an expression of frankness that was partly given by a steady, unflinching gaze.

He was deep in the midst of his Saturday afternoon work when the door opened and a stranger entered the shop, picking his way over piles of boards and beams of shavings to where the carpenter stood at work.

This person was dressed in a costume half military, half civil. He seemed to be a soldier of the late war, and to be still wearing a well-preserved portion of his military suit.

What added to his soldierly appearance was a long coat, extending from his temple to the corner of his mouth, and giving that side of his face a rather deformed and livid appearance. He was very much embarrassed, as if accustomed to a life in the sun. He wore a long side whisker and a huge mustache that entirely covered his mouth.

Brady looked up inquiringly from his work.

"Good day, sir, what can I do for you?" he asked.

"I want to talk with you about a piece of work. It is a job that needs a skillful hand, and you were highly recommended to the gentleman who sent me."

"I can do a fair piece of carpenter work," he replied. "But I don't brag about anything else. Who wants me?"

"Mr. Joseph Brown, whose place, as I suppose you know, is about eight miles below here."

"I don't know him. Who recommended him to come to me?"

"Mr. Ogden. My employer was looking at the repairs that have just been made at Glendale, and liked the work so much that he asked Mr. Ogden where you could be found."

The stranger looked keenly at Brady as he spoke, but the countenance of the latter continued unchanged.

"Yes, I done that work for Mr. Ogden," he said. "I don't brag, but I ain't much afraid to take hold of any job that comes in."

"What does Mr. Brown want done?"

"Some fancy work about his house. Some carving I believe. They say you are good at carving."

"That's out of my line of business," Brady, coolly. "Carpentering is my line."

"Anything is your line that you can do, and that will pay well. I know you don't like carving as a general thing, but there's profit enough in it for you to do it." He pointed to several pieces of carved wood work that rested on a shelf on the other side of the shop.

These consisted of heads, of elaborately finished scrolls, and of several other designs.

"I ain't much of a judge, but I should call that work well done," said the visitor.

"Why, man, you should have taken up sculpture. That's a fine head."

"It's well enough to talk about taking up. I've got to take up the saw and plane to make a living," said Brady, in a tone that showed his life to have been partly a disappointment. "What does Mr. Brown want in the way of carving?"

"I don't know all. You had better see him and talk the matter over with him. One thing he spoke of, he has got a handsome new skull, but it is too plain to suit him. He wants some sort of a nest figure-head fit into it."

Brady slightly changed color as he spoke. The blood flushing his naturally florid cheeks.

"I'm afraid I can't do anything like that," he said, slowly. "I'm ready for paying work, but don't want to take hold of anything I can't handle."

"Now, Mr. Brady, don't be running yourself down that way. You can do it well enough if you try. You have harder work done already. Besides, there's the piece of work of the same kind you did for Mr. Ogden."

"Who says I done any such work for Mr. Ogden?" asked Brady, hastily, his face more deeply flushed.

"Mr. Ogden himself, who should be very good authority for the matter," said the visitor, coolly seating himself on the workbench, and commencing to vigorously chew a piece of shaving. "He told Mr. Brady that you did him a very pretty piece of work, and that a mostly what put Mr. Brady in the notion of having something like it done."

"I suppose I can do it for him if he'll pay enough for it," replied the carpenter.

"There will be no trouble about the pay. Do the work as well as you did it for Ogden, and you will get paid as well."

"I'll be glad to do a good deal better, or I'll not touch it. He didn't see the work I done for Ogden, and how does he know how well it is done?"

"I don't know. I thought he'd seen it. Ain't Ogden got the boat in his boat-house?"

"No, I don't know what he done with it. He got rid of it somehow. It was only a rough piece of work I done for him, anyhow. It didn't amount to much in my notion."

"I don't agree with you," said the other, vigorously chewing his shaving. "I've seen the boat, and don't think I ever saw a snake's head better carved." His eyes appeared to be on the other side of the shop, but no change of the carpenter's face escaped him.

Brady's face reddened again. He was unfortunate in his thin skin, and tendency to flush up.

"It looks as if you knew a good deal about matters and things," he said, somewhat sharply.

"I know Henry Ogden, when he was a poor man like ourselves, before he came into Glendale; I have had to do with him in this very boat we are talking of."

"You have, eh?"

"Yes, I have. It was last April I think. The early part of winter. I was painting the figure-head, of who told me he had just had it made. It was a snake's head."

"And how did Mr. Brady know about it?"

"I told him, and he was a blunderer. By the way, have you any one to his piece of work that you could make, to turn?"

"I made a small snake passing between the ship, but I wish you would."

As Ogden has got rid of his boat I think Mr. Brady would like to see the model. He may want something like it."

"I will try and look it up," said the carpenter. "Tell Mr. Brady to come and see, and he will like to do his work for him, but he will have to pay for it."

"He is ready to do that."

"By the way, Mr. Ogden told me not to speak of doing that work. It's strange that he goes and talks about it himself."

"People like to do their own talking," said the stranger, with a laugh. It was evident the carpenter knew nothing of the connection of the boat with the murder.

After a few more words the visitor left him to his work.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

SOL HAS A VISITOR.

Dusky Sol had decidedly broken his promise to his employer. For some reason, known only to himself, he had concluded to remain in the city. It might have been simply a trace of that dangerous persistence with which the moth flies around the candle, or perhaps a desire to keep near the gold mine which he had discovered in Henry Ogden's pocket influenced him.

At any rate he took what he considered safe quarters, and settled down to watch proceedings. Not content with this, the touch of the dare devil, which started in the man's blood, and a nasal rebellion against restraint led him to The Shades on the occasion we have chronicled.

Here he drank beyond his usual custom, and became tipsy enough to care very little whether he was known or not. Little did he dream, however, that the man from whom especially he wished to conceal himself, had been present on that occasion and had heard his name mentioned, and had found assurance doubly sure in his skillful handling of the fiddle.

He accompanied Bill Brice through the streets, little fancying that this apparent sailor was really the escaped prisoner with whom he had been entangled so long, and unaware that he had been tracked to his present residence by his most dangerous enemy.

Sol sat alone, in a melancholy mood, in his room in the upper story of a house on Burton street, above Fifth. He was growing uneasy at this confinement, and longed for his old life of half-savage freedom, in the streets and alleys of the city, the roads and lanes of the country. He loved to wander wherever caprice or chance took him, making his victim support him, and sking out his occasional society aid by some light-fingered operation.

It was one of the gentlemen of nature, despising work, hating all bonds, acknowledging no master, and making the world his oyster, which he took every opportunity to open.

It may be conceived then that concealment chafed him. He was too well aware of the danger resulting to himself from the theft of the jewel, to expose himself to arrest. He did not venture to repeat his expedition to The Shades, and had remained since scarcely venturing out of his room, and pleading sickness to his landlady.

This was becoming too irksome. He was sorry he had not kept his word to Henry Ogden, and felt inclined to yet leave the city, first calling on his employer, giving some reason for having broken his word, and demanding a liberal gratuity before taking his departure.

Sol took his violin in the readiest manner, and with a melancholy mood, and sat slowly drawing the bow across the strings, bringing out low but rich strains of a character in keeping with his present state of mind.

For an hour he sat thus, interpreting his moods in music, and varying from the low minor strain to the most intense of dissonance that at times came upon him.

He was interrupted by a sound of foot-steps without and a knock at the door. Before he could drop his violin and rise, the door was pushed partly open and he heard the voice of the landlady saying—

"A gentleman to see you, Mr. Blake."

The door was now opened widely, and this gentleman entered without waiting for an invitation.

He was a man dressed in a half-military costume, and chiefly notable for a great scar that crossed all one side of his face.

His upper lip and mouth were concealed by shaggy, light-colored mustache, whose long ends dropped down to his chin. He wore also long, bushy side-whiskers, still lighter in color, while his hair was several shades darker.

Sol looked at him keenly for a moment, wondering to himself who this could be, and what business he could have with him. He did not clearly recollect ever having seen that face before, though some confused shadow of a recognition fitted across his mind. There was a look in it like something he had seen before, though what it was he could not remember.

"Might have seen him in the army," he thought. "He's been there sure. In the ranks, too, or he wouldn't be wearing that blouse."

The visitor, without waiting for an invitation, coolly seated himself, keeping his hat on, drawn down low over his eyes. Evidently he had not deeply studied the rules of politeness. But Sol was not critical at that particular.

"Mr. Blake?" he said, questioningly.

"That's the name I walk under," said Sol. "You've got it pat, gossip. Maybe you can drop your name and your business look for mine."

"I've only got your name, and your business. It wouldn't be a fair exchange," said the soldier.

"Suppose I say this is my business just now. How would that go down?" said Sol, saying it with a look of defiance.

"Not well, for you haven't given me your name."

"The deuce I hain't!" cried Sol. "You took it. That's as good."

"I took Blake. Say Brindle and I'll do with you."

Sol started half to his feet with a fierce oath.

"Keep cool," said the soldier, in a mild tone. "Did you suppose I came here to see a Mr. Blake? What business could I have with a loose name, for that's all this Mr. Blake is? If you want to see me, Dusky Sol, I know you, yes, but I don't see that any harm is likely to come to you from that."

"You're blamed smart in your own notion," said Sol, surlily. "Suppose I swear you're a liar?"

"I would know you were, that would be all," said the quiet-speaking visitor. "I know what I am talking about, and who I'm talking to, Sol Brindle, and if I were you I would not swear to a lie without some chance of being believed."

"You're blasted spy in your tongue," cried Sol, throwing himself heavily back in his chair. "Who in the thunder are you, and what do you want here, anyhow?"

"That's a little more to the point," said the other. He apparently had a cold, which gave his voice a husky sound. "I have a trifle of business with you, Sol Brindle. I would have called to see you some time ago, but I was not quite ready

then to discuss this business, so I put off my visit till to-day."

"You want to say, I suppose, that you've had your eye on me all along," said Sol, looking fiercely at his visitor. "If that's what you talk means, I'd like to know what you're driving at."

"That is just what it means. You have hit the nail directly on the head," replied the stranger.

"Which is a blasted lie, if ever there was one told," cried Sol, defiantly. "Don't be too sure of that, Sol. I'll prove it before I'm through."

"Maybe you will, and maybe you won't," answered Sol. "There's some things ain't quite as easy as other things."

"You've been leading a bad life, my man; a life that there's only one end to. Or you're rather The Prisoner in one."

"It's not my fault, and maybe you'll tell me what's the matter?"

"The galloos."

Sol started again to his feet with a terrible oath and made as if he would fling himself on his visitor. His face was, for the moment, convulsed with rage.

He himself, leaning forward and placing his arms on the table, so as to directly face Sol. "Are you prepared to give me the information I asked for?"

"I don't know nothing about it," replied the tramp, in a surly tone. "I never seen that stone afore—I never seen this Mr. Ogden, and I never seen you. What the blazes you talk here I'd like to know."

"I want to help you, if you will let me. If you won't, the law may take its course."

"You're on the force, I suppose?" growled Sol.

"It is no matter who I am. The question is about you."

"And I tell you you've got the wrong side by the ear. You're talking about something now, you can't prove. If you think to sneer me with your talk, you've got into the wrong shop, that's all."

"That is the track you are taking, is it? Let me see if I can't prove it. Suppose I tell you a few points of your life for the last few months."

"All right. Dig in, gossip. I'm equal to hear what you've got to say. Let it out now lively, and see if I squeal. The rooster that crows on my track is got to flap his wings afore daybreak. Can't take a chicken with that."

Nag went to a loud, discordant laugh, in which his visitor could trace the working of a mind not quite so much at ease as he professed.

"We will see how closely you have covered up your trail," said the soldier.

"And I tell you you've got the wrong side by the ear. You're talking about something now, you can't prove. If you think to sneer me with your talk, you've got into the wrong shop, that's all."

"That is the track you are taking, is it? Let me see if I can't prove it. Suppose I tell you a few points of your life for the last few months."

"All right. Dig in, gossip. I'm equal to hear what you've got to say. Let it out now lively, and see if I squeal. The rooster that crows on my track is got to flap his wings afore daybreak. Can't take a chicken with that."

Nag went to a loud, discordant laugh, in which his visitor could trace the working of a mind not quite so much at ease as he professed.

"We will see how closely you have covered up your trail," said the soldier.

"And I tell you you've got the wrong side by the ear. You're talking about something now, you can't prove. If you think to sneer me with your talk, you've got into the wrong shop, that's all."

"That is the track you are taking, is it? Let me see if I can't prove it. Suppose I tell you a few points of your life for the last few months."

"All right. Dig in, gossip. I'm equal to hear what you've got to say. Let it out now lively, and see if I squeal. The rooster that crows on my track is got to flap his wings afore daybreak. Can't take a chicken with that."

Nag went to a loud, discordant laugh, in which his visitor could trace the working of a mind not quite so much at ease as he professed.

"We will see how closely you have covered up your trail," said the soldier.

"And I tell you you've got the wrong side by the ear. You're talking about something now, you can't prove. If you think to sneer me with your talk, you've got into the wrong shop, that's all."

"That is the track you are taking, is it? Let me see if I can't prove it. Suppose I tell you a few points of your life for the last few months."

"All right. Dig in, gossip. I'm equal to hear what you've got to say. Let it out now lively, and see if I squeal. The rooster that crows on my track is got to flap his wings afore daybreak. Can't take a chicken with that."

Nag went to a loud, discordant laugh, in which his visitor could trace the working of a mind not quite so much at ease as he professed.

"We will see how closely you have covered up your trail," said the soldier.

"And I tell you you've got the wrong side by the ear. You're talking about something now, you can't prove. If you think to sneer me with your talk, you've got into the wrong shop, that's all."

"That is the track you are taking, is it? Let me see if I can't prove it. Suppose I tell you a few points of your life for the last few months."

"All right. Dig in, gossip. I'm equal to hear what you've got to say. Let it out now lively, and see if I squeal. The rooster that crows on my track is got to flap his wings afore daybreak. Can't take a chicken with that."

Nag went to a loud, discordant laugh, in which his visitor could trace the working of a mind not quite so much at ease as he professed.

"We will see how closely you have covered up your trail," said the soldier.

"And I tell you you've got the wrong side by the ear. You're talking about something now, you can't prove. If you think to sneer me with your talk, you've got into the wrong shop, that's all."

"That is the track you are taking, is it? Let me see if I can't prove it. Suppose I tell you a few points of your life for the last few months."

"All right. Dig in, gossip. I'm equal to hear what you've got to say. Let it out now lively, and see if I squeal. The rooster that crows on my track is got to flap his wings afore daybreak. Can't take a chicken with that."

Nag went to a loud, discordant laugh, in which his visitor could trace the working of a mind not quite so much at ease as he professed.

"We will see how closely you have covered up your trail," said the soldier.

"And I tell you you've got the wrong side by the ear. You're talking about something now, you can't prove. If you think to sneer me with your talk, you've got into the wrong shop, that's all."

"That is the track you are taking, is it? Let me see if I can't prove it. Suppose I tell you a few points of your life for the last few months."

"All right. Dig in, gossip. I'm equal to hear what you've got to say. Let it out now lively, and see if I squeal. The rooster that crows on my track is got to flap his wings afore daybreak. Can't take a chicken with that."

Nag went to a loud, discordant laugh, in which his visitor could trace the working of a mind not quite so much at ease as he professed.

"We will see how closely you have covered up your trail," said the soldier.

"And I tell you you've got the wrong side by the ear. You're talking about something now, you can't prove. If you think to sneer me with your talk, you've got into the wrong shop, that's all."

"That is the track you are taking, is it? Let me see if I can't prove it. Suppose I tell you a few points of your life for the last few months."

"All right. Dig in, gossip. I'm equal to hear what you've got to say. Let it out now lively, and see if I squeal. The rooster that crows on my track is got to flap his wings afore daybreak. Can't take a chicken with that."

Nag went to a loud, discordant laugh, in which his visitor could trace the working of a mind not quite so much at ease as he professed.

"We will see how closely you have covered up your trail," said the soldier.

"And I tell you you've got the wrong side by the ear. You're talking about something now, you can't prove. If you think to sneer me with your talk, you've got into the wrong shop, that's all."

"That is the track you are taking, is it? Let me see if I can't prove it. Suppose I tell you a few points of your life for the last few months."

"All right. Dig in, gossip. I'm equal to hear what you've got to say. Let it out now lively, and see if I squeal. The rooster that crows on my track is got to flap his wings afore daybreak. Can't take a chicken with that."

Nag went to a loud, discordant laugh, in which his visitor could trace the working of a mind not quite so much at ease as he professed.

"We will see how closely you have covered up your trail," said the soldier.

"And I tell you you've got the wrong side by the ear. You're talking about something now, you can't prove. If you think to sneer me with your talk, you've got into the wrong shop, that's all."

"That is the track you are taking, is it? Let me see if I can't prove it. Suppose I tell you a few points of your life for the last few months."

"All right. Dig in, gossip. I'm equal to hear what you've got to say. Let it out now lively, and see if I squeal. The rooster that crows on my track is got to flap his wings afore daybreak. Can't take a chicken with that."

Nag went to a loud, discordant laugh, in which his visitor could trace the working of a mind not quite so much at ease as he professed.

"We will see how closely you have covered up your trail," said the soldier.

"And I tell you you've got the wrong side by the ear. You're talking about something now, you can't prove. If you think to sneer me with your talk, you've got into the wrong shop, that's all."

"That is the track you are taking, is it? Let me see if I can't prove it. Suppose I tell you a few points of your life for the last few months."

"All right. Dig in, gossip. I'm equal to hear what you've got to say. Let it out now lively, and see if I squeal. The rooster that crows on my track is got to flap his wings afore daybreak. Can't take a chicken with that."

Nag went to a loud, discordant laugh, in which his visitor could trace the working of a mind not quite so much at ease as he professed.

"We will see how closely you have covered up your trail," said the soldier.

"And I tell you you've got the wrong side by the ear. You're talking about something now, you can't prove. If you think to sneer me with your talk, you've got into the wrong shop, that's all."

"That is the track you are taking, is it? Let me see if I can't prove it. Suppose I tell you a few points of your life for the last few months."

"All right. Dig in, gossip. I'm equal to hear what you've got to say. Let it out now lively, and see if I squeal. The rooster that crows on my track is got to flap his wings afore daybreak. Can't take a chicken with that."

Nag went to a loud, discordant laugh, in which his visitor could trace the working of a mind not quite so much at ease as he professed.

"We will see how closely you have covered up your trail," said the soldier.

"And I tell you you've got the wrong side by the ear. You're talking about something now, you can't prove. If you think to sneer me with your talk, you've got into the wrong shop, that's all."

"That is the track you are taking, is it? Let me see if I can't prove it. Suppose I tell you a few points of your life for the last few months."

"All right. Dig in, gossip. I'm equal to hear what you've got to say. Let it out now lively, and see if I squeal. The rooster that crows on my track is got to flap his wings afore daybreak. Can't take a chicken with that."

Nag went to a loud, discordant laugh, in which his visitor could trace the working of a mind not quite so much at ease as he professed.

"We will see how closely you have covered up your trail," said the soldier.

"And I tell you you've got the wrong side by the ear. You're talking about something now, you can't prove. If you think to sneer me with your talk, you've got into the wrong shop, that's all."

"That is the track you are taking, is it? Let me see if I can't prove it. Suppose I tell you a few points of your life for the last few months."

"All right. Dig in, gossip. I'm equal to hear what you've got to say. Let it out now lively, and see if I squeal. The rooster that crows on my track is got to flap his wings afore daybreak. Can't take a chicken with that."

Nag went to a loud, discordant laugh, in which his visitor could trace the working of a mind not quite so much at ease as he professed.

"We will see how closely you have covered up your trail," said the soldier.

"And I tell you you've got the wrong side by the ear. You're talking about something now, you can't prove. If you think to sneer me with your talk, you've got into the wrong shop, that's all."

"That is the track you are taking, is it? Let me see if I can't prove it. Suppose I tell you a few points of your life for the last few months."

